NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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DEPARTED GLORY.

How sad I used to be in those old days
away back there
Before I knew the world was full of
hidden snares and care;
I thought it was a task to hold the skein
as mother wound
The crimson yarn while here and there
a stubborn snarl was found;
I thought my lot a dismal one, as sitting there at night
I heard the humming spinning wheel and
watched the firelight
Dance out across the floor and back as
fairy dancers might.

Ah, how I used to long to see the world
I'd read about,
To pack my little carpet-sack and boldly
sally out!
Reluctantly I used to bow my head upon
the chair
When father found that it was time to
say the evening prayer,
And thinking that my lot was hard—ah,
how absurd it seems—
I went up to my little bed beneath the
white-washed beams,
And, far away from wordly cares, had
proud, ambitious dreams.

Oh there is much that I have learned
about the world since then,
And much I've seen that serves to wake
the wonderment of men;
The world is far more splendid than I
dreamed that it could be
As lying 'neath the rough-hewn beams
fair visions came to me—
But one great glory of the world has
passed away fore'er,
I ne'er again may hold the skein as
mother winds back there,
Or, when the fire's low, kneel down while
father offers prayer.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A GARDEN PLOT

By Julia Truitt Bishop.

TWO very faint-hearted young people were looking at one another over the back fence of the vegetable garden—she in the garden among the cabbages, he outside in the seldom used street. Between them was the fence, with its green burden of butter-bean vines. Practical, every-day life and hard realism could go no further.

"Of course, if you say so, I'll go to my paternal ancestor and speak to him about it," said the young man, resignedly, adding the reservation, "at least I'll kind of hint to him. I might as well take out a good slice of life insurance before I start. But if I do go you've got to promise that you'll go to your mother. I'm not going to run all the risks!"

"Oh, yes, I suppose I'll have to go," said the girl, desperately. "And I'm just as afraid as I can be. I know there's some plot against us. Your father came to see mamma yesterday about something, and mamma just looked at me awfully after he had gone. I've been afraid to speak to her ever since!"

"Maybe they're going to send you back to school again," was the savage remark from across the butter-bean vines. "I won' have it, Nell, and that's the end of it. If it comes to that, we'll run away!"

"Oh, Tom, we can't!" came a frightened whisper over the same barrier. "I'll—I'll speak to mamma—and see you here to-morrow evening. Or why not come to the house! Mamma never has said you couldn't, you know."

"Oh, but the way she looks at me!" was the tragic response. "Not by a whole lot, Nell! We'll trust to these cold-hearted cabbages instead."

Whereupon the two parted with such evidences of affection as the vines permitted, and went valiantly forth to make confession.

Nell found her mother writing at her little desk in the corner; but at Nell's approach Mrs. Grayson shut and locked the desk with a snap, and turned an accusing face upon her daughter. Anger had made her face very red. There was no doubt that she knew all! Nell's heart beat a hurried double tattoo, and her nicely composed, dutiful little speech died on her lips. All that she managed to say was "Mamma!" But she did that with such an emphasis that appalled her. Mrs. Grayson turned pale.

"You had better go to your own room," she said, with austere dignity, "and remain there until you can listen to reason and talk over matters calmly."

Mrs. Grayson swept out of the room, and thus abruptly ended Nell's confession.

Tom, gifted with a knowledge of men that should make him a diplomat some day, waited until Col. Drane had eaten a remarkably good dinner and was stretched at ease in a capacious chair, as he could see through the window. What he did not see through the window was the perplexed frown upon the colonel's brow—a frown which hung there in spite of the dinner and the chair. Tom was in the room and advancing upon the enemy in good order before he saw the frown, and immediately his ranks were thrown into confusion. He faltered. "I'm gone!" he said to himself. What he said out loud was, "I have come to speak to you, sir, about a certain matter——"

Quick as a flash the colonel was up, with an apoplectic look on his countenance.

"You will do nothing of the kind, sir!" he shouted. "I know exactly what you would say! Well, sir, you needn't say it! My mind is fully made up! Not a word, sir! You may [illegible]

And thus abruptly ended Tom's confession.

Early the next morning the butter-bean vines received two new experiences—the one very tearful and the other full of very determined laughter.

"She sent for him to-day!" sobbed the tearful one. "I know I'll be sent away now. I heard him talking loud in there, and telling her something about not paying any attention to two children."

"You are 18, and I am 23," said the laughing one. "Two good-sized children, I should think—especially as the colonel was married at 20. I have the license in my pocket, Nellie. Run and get your hat and come around to the side gate. We'll go up to Mr. Morrison's and be married. He's been married lately himself, and'll know how to sympathize with us."

"Run away? Oh, Tom, let's not run away!" was the frightened whisper that came out of the cabbage-garden.

But the young man on the other side of the fence had the license, and, besides, he had the girl's heart. It began to be apparent that there was no other way. The end of it was that Nell came out of the side gate, trembling at every sound in the house she had just left, and she and Tom started off hand in hand, like two children.

"Oh, I feel certain she'll overtake me!" she cried presently, in a panic.

"Let's run—we can beat them both running!" suggested Tom. And so they both ran, holding each other's hand, and laughing, because they were not very old, and running away seems a kind of joke to 18 and 23.

They arrived at the Rev. Felix Morrison's quite breathless and full of laughter; and Felix Morrison's girl-wife laughed with them, and clapped her hands on hearing that they were going to be married right away. The Rev. Felix himself demurred. They were both very young—had they presented the matter properly to those who had authority over them?

"Oh, that's all right!" said Tom, cheerfully. "We've done everything we could—begged and implored and entreated—they were hard as a rock. Here's the license—Mrs. Morrison can witness—fire ahead!'

"Now do, Felix!" begged the little wife on the other side. "They love each other—almost as much as you and I do. Suppose anything had kept us apart?"

The mere supposition of such a thing set the minister's lips, and sent a spark into his calm blue eyes. "Stand up!" he said.

It was at this awful moment that they heard the sharp click of the gate-latch, and Nell cast a terrified glance between the lace curtains. The light of the street lamp showed two figures hurrying up the walk.

"Oh, here they both come!" cried Nell, in an agony of fear. "They've followed us! Oh, do save us, somebody!"

"Here, into the back parlor!" Mrs. Morrison was already pushing them under the portieres. "Now do keep still!" she warned.

"If you can throw them off the scent," cried Tom, running back and wringing the minister's hand. "If you could just lie a little—"

"He can't, but I can!" said Mrs. Morrison, eagerly. "Here they come—what's the use if you don't keep out of sight?"

Col. Drane and Mrs. Grayson might easily have noticed that there was an air of subdued excitement in the parlor to which they were admitted, that Mr. Morrison's hand shook, and that a look of indignation and high resolve was on Mrs. Morrison's face. But the truth was, they did not notice it, for they had larger matters in hand. How guilty did the Reverend Felix feel when he saw Col. Drane cast a stony glance around the room!

"Very pleasant weather," said the Reverend Felix, with an air of deep impressiveness.

"Very!" said the Colonel, dryly. Tom, in the back parlor, groaned in spirit at the sound of that voice.

"I thought this morning that we should have rain," ventured Mr. Morrison, firmly; "but the clouds—"

"Ah, yes!" said Col. Drane, curtly. "But we come up to see—"

"Certainly!" Mr. Morrison hastened to assure him. He felt that he could hear Tom and Nell breathing in the back parlor.

"Now for it!" whispered Tom, holding Nell carefully to keep her from fainting. "The worst will be over in a few minutes!"

"The fact is," said the Colonel, fixing the unhappy minister with his eye and speaking in an awed voice and with a very red face, "Mrs. Grayson and myself have come up to be married!"

Rev. Felix Morrison tottered against the mantelpiece in the front parlor, and Tom tottered against the mantelpiece in the back parlor, but the Colonel went on, belligerently, "We have chosen this method because we do not wish any gossip or remark, and because my son and Mrs. Grayson's daughter have shown themselves so plainly opposed to any hint of it—"

Mrs. Felix Morrison had gone off into the back parlor and into hysterics, and was laughing and crying at a great rate. Tom had set Nell down in an easy chair, and was rubbing his chin with his hand as well as he could for a most dignified grin.

"If the young people are opposed to it," said Mr. Morrison, chokingly, "would it not be better to wait awhile and gain their consent?"

"No, sir, it would not!" roared the Colonel, testily. "They have been holding secret meetings and plotting against us for days! I do not propose to be dictated to by two such snips of children! Here is the license, sir. We are both of age, I think. Mrs. Morrison can witness!"

And then, as they stood up, two figures swooped down upon them and stood facing them, side by side, holding each other's hand.

"Well, father," said Tom, severely, "I must say I am scandalized. Running away to be married! And at your time of life!"

"Tom!" ejaculated the Colonel, "Wha'—wha'—"

"I wouldn't have thought it of you, mamma!" said Nellie, with much spirit. "To think of you doing such a thing without saying a word to me!"

"A pretty thing this will be to get out!" remarked Tom, regarding his father, gloomily. "How is a young fellow to get up in the world if his father runs away and gets married every time he takes a notion?"

"And what an example to set before me!" said Miss Nellie, primly.

Mrs. Grayson had already sank into a chair and buried her face in a handkerchief, and now the Colonel sank into another one close by. He felt very weak.

"Now that you both know it, Tom," he said, feebly, "I don't mind waiting and being married quietly at home some evening. If you hadn't shown such determined hostility—"

"We'll have the wedding at home," said Tom, willing to show a forgiving disposition. "And while we are about it we will have a double wedding—you and Mrs. Grayson, Nell and I."

"You! You two!" cried Mrs. Grayson, emerging from her handkerchief.

"We two," announced Tom, airily. "But you didn't catch us running away." He spoke with a lofty moral tone, at the same time giving the Reverend Felix a furtive kick.

The Colonel had taken time to digest the statement, but he now broke out with a roar of laughter, slapping his knees.

"You two!" he roared. "Great Scott! Who ever would have dreamed it? How did you keep it so close?"

After which Mrs. Grayson and Nell were forced to go into the back parlor and give their personal attention to Mrs. Morrison, who seemed about to collapse.—Woman's Home Companion.

Both Were Shocked.

Little Elsie was a faithful attendant at Sunday school, and had listened earnestly when plans for a coming Christian Endeavor convention were discussed, her interest increasing to enthusiasm over the mysterious affair when she learned that her auntie was to attend as a delegate.

Coming into the library one day, auntie saw the little maid busily engaged in writing a letter to her cousin with whom she kept up a juvenile correspondence. She scrawled industriously for a moment, then stopped. There was a puzzled expression on her fat ink-stained face, as she dangled her short legs and wriggled uncomfortably on her high perch.

"Auntie," she said, "how do you spell 'devil?'"

"Oh, Elsie," said her auntie, "I am shocked! Why are you using such a word as that in your letter? Nice little girls never say such things!"

"Why, auntie," she cried, "I'm only telling her about the Christian and devil convention!"—Harper's Magazine.

The Modern Child.

The modern child is the most discouraging thing I know about. Just the other day I undertook to entertain a small neighbor of mine while her mother passed the afternoon in bed with a sick headache. Naturally, I assumed that the little girl would enjoy looking at a prettily illustrated book of fairy tales which had just come into my possession. She took the book politely and sat down to look at the pictures. When I looked up she was staring at me with a question in her eyes. Seeing me disengaged, she put it into words:

"Here's a very pretty picture," said she, pointing out, or rather indicating, for she's too well trained to point, to a wash drawing of Titania and her attendant fays. "They're very pretty, but will you please tell me whether they're angels or just insects?"—Washington Post.

Quaint Marriage Customs.

A certain marriage custom has, unluckily for the brides of to-day, fallen into disuse. It was once incumbent on the bridegroom to place a sum of money in a purse on the wedding night and present it to the bride. Afterward this was done the following morning, and the gift was called the Dow Purse. Another phase of the same thing existed in Cumberland, where the bridegroom provided himself with gold and crown pieces. At the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," he gave the clergyman his fee and poured the rest of the money into a handkerchief which the bride held out. In other places it was the custom on the day following the marriage for the bride to ask her husband for a gift of money or property, and he was bound in honor to grant her request.—Scottish American.

Willing to Sacrifice Himself.

"Doesn't that rigid position make you tired and uncomfortable?" asked the artist.

"Yes," replied the ambitious politician, "it does; but I am willing to suffer the inconvenience. This is the pose in which I wish to be known to posterity."—Chicago Tribune.

Railroad Time Card.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE.

Arrival of Trains at Paris:

From Cincinnati—10:58;am 5:33 pm; 9:45 pm.
From Lexington—5:11 am; 7:43 am; 3:23 pm; 6:10 pm.
From Richmond—5:05 am; 7:40 am; 3:18 pm.
From Maysville—7:45 am; 3:15 pm.

Departure of Trains from Paris:

To Cincinnati—5:15 am; 7:51 am; 3:30 pm.
To Lexington—7:50 am; 11:05 am; 5:40 pm; 9:49 pm.
To Richmond—11:10 am; 5:38 pm; 9:53 pm.
To Maysville—7:50 am; 6:20 pm.

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